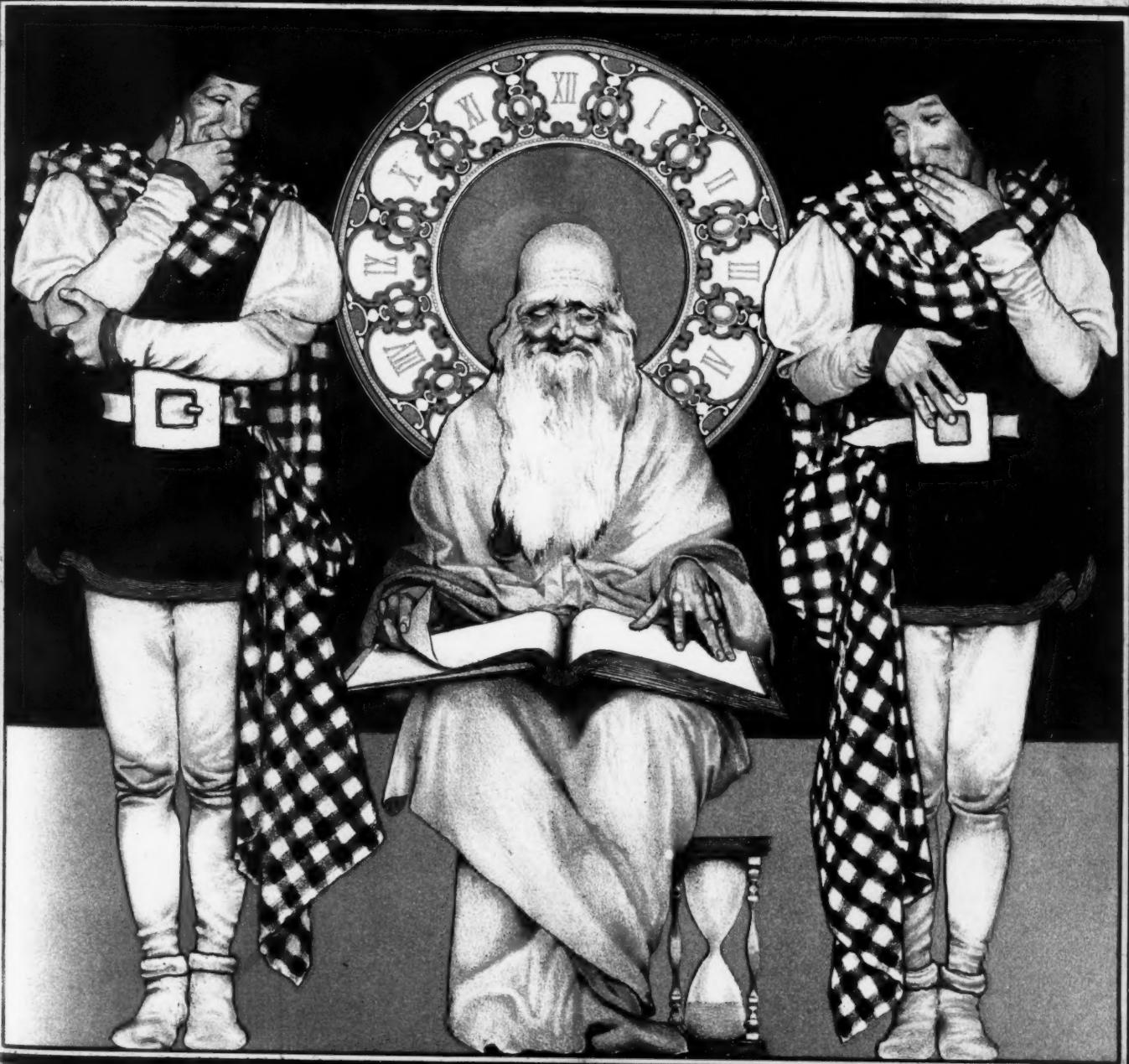


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## The EVENING POST Review of the Century

**T**HE NEW YORK EVENING POST of Saturday, January 12, 1901, will contain a notable series of about forty articles by eminent writers, who will present a philosophic and historical review of the main aspects of the Nineteenth Century—a record of the wonderful progress of the world during the last one hundred years. Among the subjects treated will be

English Literature

Edmund Gosse

Printing in the Nineteenth Century

Theodore L. DeVinne

American Literature

Prof. W. P. Trent

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Prof. John B. Moore

Psychical Research of the Century

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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1901



GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE

THE REGULAR  
ARMY, by GEN.  
FRANCIS V. GREENE.

Few invented stories of adventure contain more deeds of personal heroism or more incidents of thrilling interest than the actual history of the career of the American Army during the hundred years of its existence. It is a story that has long needed telling, and a better narrator could hardly be found than General Greene, one of the army's foremost representatives in military and civil life, and a writer of known brilliancy.

The story will be covered in several articles, and it will be richly illustrated by F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, and others especially fitted for the work.

MRS. GILBERT'S STAGE REMINISCENCES. Mr. Daly, James Lewis and many other figures of yesterday appear in Mrs. Gilbert's enter-

taining pages, while of the older leaders of the stage there is a fund of anecdote. The articles are among the most vivacious and interesting of their kind, and will contain a wealth of illustrations.

WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers," will have several new articles in the same field, giving an account of "A Day With a Tramp," "On an Iowa Farm" and other experiences.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT will, from time to time during 1901, contribute to *Scribner's* articles on public topics.



W. A. Wyckoff

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, in "The Diary of a Goose Girl," has written the most charming of her stories, and it will appear in *Scribner's* in three parts, with very attractive illustrations.

NEW STORIES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

series of Cracksman stories, by E. W. Hornung, of baffling ingenuity in plot and thrilling interest. The incomparable Raffles is reintroduced to his many reader admirers in a wonderful succession of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The stories will be illustrated.

SHORTER FICTION. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON will contribute several of his charming animal stories, illustrated by himself; there will also be short stories by Octave Thanet, Frank R. Stockton, Henry James, Thomas Nelson Page, F. J. Stimson, Henry van Dyke, A. T. Quiller-Couch, and other well-known writers.



Ernest Seton-Thompson



RUSSIA OF TO-DAY,  
by HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

This notable and timely series of articles, begun in October, will be continued. They are the result of a journey and investigations made especially on behalf of *Scribner's*, and Mr. Norman's comments on present conditions in Russia and her probable future are made in the light of the latest events. The many illustrations from the author's photographs and other sources are a noteworthy feature of the articles.



HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

EVENTS IN CHINA AND THE EAST will be covered in articles by special correspondents.



Reduced illustration from "Russia of To-Day"

J. M. BARRIE'S NEW STORY.

The magazine will later in the year make an important announcement concerning a new story by J. M. Barrie.



J. M. Barrie

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINER, by JOHN FOX, Jr.

Several articles in the early part of 1901 will portray this romantic and fast-diminishing type of American character. Mr. Fox knows his subject by experience and special observation, and illustrates his articles from photographs.

NEW YORK LIFE AND SCENES. The studies of New York, which have proved so attractive in the magazine, are to be resumed at intervals during the year.



Reduced illustration from "No Sincere"

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute several articles and stories, the first, to appear during the winter, being a travel sketch in a new field to him and one of the best of his vivid narratives.



K. H. Davis

ART FEATURES will include, beside the notable illustrations for "The Regular Army" and other pictorial plans of special importance, noteworthy papers on art subjects by John La Farge, W. C.



Gringo  
Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson

Brownell, and other distinguished writers, while the Field of Art will continue to be the most important critical department of its kind, edited by Mr. Russell Sturgis, and contributed to by leading authorities in art matters.

A list of the illustrators for next year includes Walter Appleton Clark, F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, Maxfield Parrish, Henry McCarter, A. I. Keller, A. B. Frost, E. C. Peixotto, W. Glackens, Henry Hutt, and many others. There will be new and original schemes of illustration in colors as well as in black and white, and colored covers.



E. W. Hornung

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NUMBER  
948.

# LIFE

DECEMBER 1,  
1900.



SHE.  
OF TO-DAY AND OTHER DAYS.

**Christmas, 1900.**

*GOD bless all givers and their gifts,  
And all the giftless, too.  
And help them by whatever shifts  
Their kindly will to do.  
When seasons, which our hearts expand,  
Our purses fail to fill,  
A word, a smile, a clasp of hand  
Shall carry our good will.  
  
Let him who hath his plenty share,  
And him who lacks, his lack,  
Give, each one, what he may, nor care  
What recompense comes back.  
If only love his heart shall swell  
And kindness guide his hand,  
His Christmas he shall keep as well  
As any in the land.  
  
Out greed! Out guile! Out jealousy!  
Out envy! Out despair!  
Come hope! Come faith! Come charity!  
And ease the pains of care.  
Come, Christmas, with thy message dear,  
And all thy gentle mirth,  
To teach that love shall cast out fear,  
And peace shall reign on earth.*

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

### Gold and Dross.

(A SUMMER ECHO.)

THEY sat side by side in the farthermost corner of the summer-house, shut out from the world by a tangled net of vines, and looked together over a mysterious desert of black that at morning had been the Sound. A feather of a moon rested lazily in the topmost branches of the tallest pine tree. An orchestra of crickets piped lustily beneath the veranda steps.

"And not one word about my dress to-night?" she said. "It's downright cruel of you. When one is wearing turquoise satin and real lace one properly wishes to be appreciated. You like me, don't you?"

He laid her hand in both his own. "I love you in it," he said. "But why diamonds to-night? Where are the pearls I brought you yesterday?"

"You wouldn't have me wear them all at once," she laughed. "I'm saving them for the dinner to-morrow. You have," anxiously, "seen about the wines? You can hardly trust Simpson."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I've attended to that. I wouldn't let a mere butler meddle in affairs of state. Incidentally, dear, I brought a man from town to-night to look after the auto. It's getting a bit eccentric lately, I've noticed."

"The poor, dear horses!" she sighed. "I never go to the stables now, but they look, 'Oh, why, why did you desert us for that beastly trolley-car affair?' I am going to take the ponies out to-morrow morning. It's months since they have had a spin."

"Wait until the afternoon," he urged, "and we'll take the

mail-coach and run to New London and come back by moonlight, eh?"

"You've forgotten the dinner," she laughed. "And oh, my gown, Jim! Such a duck of a gown—yards upon yards of lace like spun moonbeams (you remember you helped me pick it out in Venice last year), and a train! Wait until you see the train."

"You can get all the flowers you want from the greenhouses, can't you?" he asked. "Because if you can't—"

"Oh, plenty, plenty," she said. "That new gardener is a magician. I believe he could raise roses in the middle of the ocean."

"Speaking of the ocean," he said, "how would you like to have a little run on the yacht next week? I can wire McPherson to put things shipshape, and we can make up our party afterward."

She stood before him and looked down in his eyes reproachfully. "Our party? Oh! Jim," she said.

He pulled her down on his knee and put his face against her cheek. "Yes," he said. "It won't take long to make it up. You and I will be the party, sweetheart. We shan't have a sensible soul aboard. Think of the long, lazy days and the blue nights with just you and me to watch them."

"Oh!" she sighed, rapturously. "Jim," she said presently, "it's nice to be rich, isn't it? I wonder how it would feel to have to worry about rent and ice bills and worn-out clothes."

"I have thought of that," he said promptly. "But it's hard to imagine. I wonder if we could find life worth living without the house—the servants, and—the horses, and—the auto, and—the yacht." His arm folded her closer to his side. "But I think, I really think," he whispered, "that just you—"

The door of the little house near-by opened suddenly. A flood of yellow lamplight poured out on the narrow porch and a tangled odor of cooking followed. A clang, metallic bell rang violently and a shrill voice sounded in its reverberations.

"Supper's ready. The other boarders have been waitin'



Willie Fly: GEE, ISN'T THIS AWFUL? HERE IT IS ALMOST CHRISTMAS, AND OUR POND ISN'T FROZEN OVER YET.



**The Sign of the Mistletoe.**

W<sup>H</sup>E<sup>R</sup>E is the Sign of the Mistletoe ?  
Out in the hall, where the light  
burns low.  
There—in the shade of the Christmas tree,  
Here—with nobody near to see.

What is the Sign of the Mistletoe ?  
A sprig of green and some berries ? No !  
Two red lips and a tilted nose ;  
Two bright eyes and two cheeks of rose.

How is the fare at the Mistletoe ?  
The best there is in the world, I trow.  
And he who tastes it on Christmas Eve  
Would linger ever and never leave.

What are the rates at the Mistletoe ?  
For him who is given admittance—oh,  
'Tis only a matter (they say) of trade  
'Twixt lips of a man and the lips of a maid.

Alas, at the Sign of the Mistletoe  
Sometimes reckonings foot not so.  
I stopped a moment (the crowd apart),  
I took a kiss, but I gave my heart.

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

this half hour. Better hurry if you want your victuals hot."

The two rose abruptly. They stared blankly into each other's eyes a moment. Then they laughed long and joyfully.

"But it seemed so real," she pleaded, "the horses—the yacht—" she looked down at her simple muslin dress—"even the turquoise satin—it is almost a struggle to realize that you are a maker of little books and I a singer of little

songs, and that our combined incomes will hardly keep us in this funny, dingy little boarding-house for a two weeks' vacation. I am scarcely sure now," she laughed, "which is the shadow and which the substance."

He put his arm about her waist as they neared the house and drew her into the shadow of the pines.

"There is only one real thing in all the world," he whispered, "and"—he kissed her swiftly—"this is it."

*Theodosia Garrison.*



WHAT IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN?



### The Five Senses.

*A Christmas Extravaganza.*

Mr. Harkins, a modest and unassuming man, had been reading of the Christmas Extravaganza, "The Five Senses," playing at one of the theatres. Impressed by the imaginative possibilities of the thoughts thus suggested, he was wondering, drowsily, if he might with propriety attend the performance the following evening, when a strange being appeared and offered to show him the five senses as never before dreamt of. He reluctantly consented, and they thereupon proceeded to an adjoining room and he tested the first.



TASTING.

Such a banquet, such surroundings, and such a strange and beautiful hostess! He had once read the "Arabian Nights," but this excelled anything he had found in that book. Involuntarily he lifted his glass in response to the beautiful being who stood before him. And then it was not strange, when his palate had been so wondrously satisfied, that his other senses began to reel, and he accepted the change of scene that followed without question — it was an introduction to the next sense.



HEARING.

He awoke from his lethargy to hear the lap, lap of water against the prow of a drifting boat and find himself reclining on the silken cushions of a gondola—his guide before him. "Listen," she whispered, and the strains of the most ravishing music were wafted down to him on the gentle breeze. When the fairy-like airs, grave and gay, began to fade into the distance, he suddenly felt himself light as a butterfly, with the most intoxicating of odors in the air. He knew this must be the next sense.



SMELLING.

He opened his eyes, to find himself floating in the midst of enormous roses, filling him with a subtle sense of exquisite joy, and then, suddenly, he became aware that he had been endowed with a gorgeous pair of wings. He perched on the stem of a fallen flower and filled his lungs enthusiastically with the delicious perfume that came to him from every side. Nothing, either in heaven or earth, it seemed to him, could exceed the sensuous volume of this transcendent emotion. His mysterious friend bade him enjoy this sense to the utmost and then prepare for the next.



SEEING.

They entered a forest. Suddenly the vision of a woman seemed to form itself in the air. The face was one of marvelous beauty. She looked at him smilingly. He advanced towards her, but as he did so she retreated. He was running now, faster and faster, his guide urging him on. He looked only into the vision's eyes, not noticing where he was going. He almost had her now—when—he found himself on the edge of a yawning pit, too late to recover his balance. As he stumbled over he heard a rippling laugh, and the voice of his guide saying: "Now prepare for—"



FEELING.

He felt himself going down, down into illimitable space. All the visions he had seen passed before his eyes, but in awful confusion. The last was that of the siren, and again she seemed to beckon him. He put out his hand to touch her. There was a roar, a terrific crash—a blank—a bright light shining in his eyes—a shabbily appointed boarding-house room, an overturned chair, an evening paper on the floor beside him, and—his fat old landlady, who had entered to scold Mr. Harkins for taking catnaps in his chair and then falling out of it and disturbing the star boarder in the room beneath.

## • LIFE •

"NOW FOR THE COMMITTEE."



#### Lines to a Gray Sister.

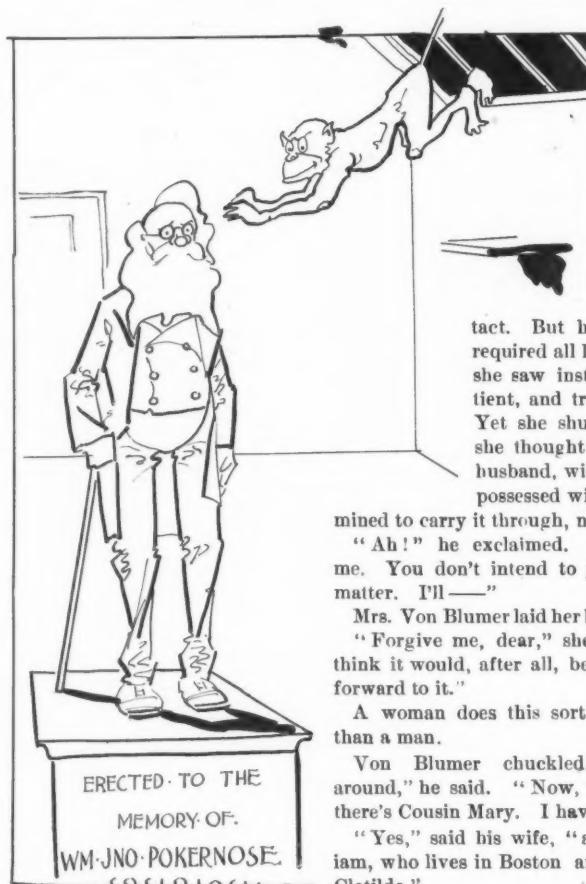
WHEN lovely woman touches forty,  
And finds, too soon, her hair is gray,  
What charm can make her blithe and sporty  
And hide the fact that she's *passé*?

There's but one way to make her pleasing  
And bring back gladness to her eye,  
So, fast the horns of Taurus seizing,  
Her only refuge is—to dye!

Dick Lane.

#### A New One.

"JONES has a new cure for his obesity."  
"What is it?"  
"He worries himself thin over his growing fat."



#### A Family Christmas Party.

IT was just two weeks before Christmas. Von Blumer was in a joyous, reminiscent mood. He sat before the open grate fire, and as he looked into the embers and saw beautiful and glowing images of the best parts of his past life, he smiled softly to himself. Things had gone well with Von Blumer that day, and his mercurial temperament responded to the transient harmony of events. For a long time he sat in a brown study. "My dear," he said at last, suddenly, with a fine burst of feeling, "I've been thinking this thing over, and this year I propose to have a genuine, old-fashioned Christmas dinner party."

Mrs. Von Blumer regarded him with a look of mingled surprise and horror.

"I knew you were up to something," she said, anxiously. "But, dear, please don't do that."

Her husband regarded her critically.

"That's just like you women," he exclaimed. "If I should forget the anniversary of our wedding day, you wouldn't speak to me for a week. Now, when I show that I have still got some real, honest sentiment left in me, you try to crush it. But it won't be crushed! I'm going to have that dinner party. I'm going to have the relatives—cousins, aunts, children and all.

We'll trim the house, open up everything, and have a real jolly, romping, old-fashioned Christmas. Come, let's get to work and send off the invitations."

Mrs. Von Blumer had been face to face with sudden emergencies before, and she was not altogether lacking in courage and

tact. But here was a situation which required all her resources. It was better, she saw instinctively, to humor the patient, and trust to luck to save the day. Yet she shuddered unconsciously when she thought of the consequences. Her husband, with all the cunning of a man possessed with a single idea and determined to carry it through, noticed this at once.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "So you don't agree with me. You don't intend to join hands with me in this matter. I'll —"

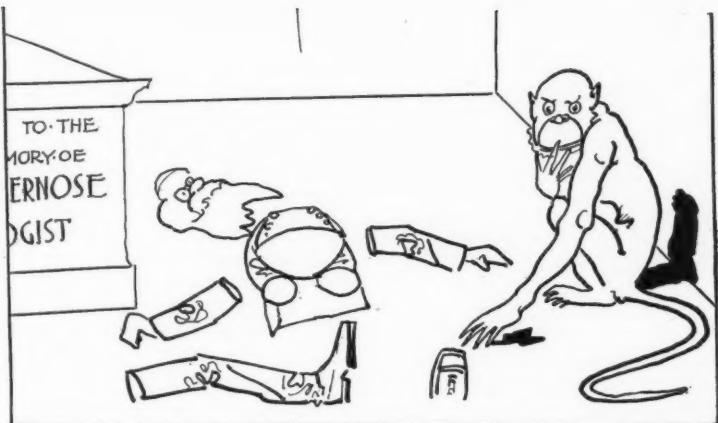
Mrs. Von Blumer laid her hand reassuringly on his arm.

"Forgive me, dear," she said. "You are right. I think it would, after all, be a fine idea. I quite look forward to it."

A woman does this sort of thing so much better than a man.

Von Blumer chuckled. "I knew you'd come around," he said. "Now, whom shall we have? First, there's Cousin Mary. I haven't seen her for years."

"Yes," said his wife, "and there's your Uncle William, who lives in Boston and there's your other cousin, Clotilde."



"True," said Von Blumer. "But she's a saleslady somewhere."

"What of it?" said Mrs. Von Blumer. "That's nothing against her. This is Christmas, isn't it? Think of how happy you can make her."

Von Blumer's eyes glowed with feeling.

"You're right," he said. "To think of how I've neglected that girl. Never mind. I'll make it up to her. Poor thing! She doesn't know what it is to be happy. Here all these years I haven't said a tender word to her. It's shameful! I might have invited her up occasionally. I—"

"If I were you," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "I wouldn't take up too much time with Clotilde now. You can do that afterwards. Why not make out a list?"

Von Blumer sprang to his feet, went over to his desk, and for fifteen minutes the sound of deep thought could almost be heard at intervals with the determined scratching of a pen. "There!" he exclaimed at last, "I've got 'em all down. Fifteen in all. But, of course, some won't come. Here's the complete list."

His wife took the paper in her hand, and glanced it over rapidly. She, too, had not been idle. Her way was now clear.

"This is all *your* family, dear," she said, slowly.

"Why, of course," said Von Blumer, his enthusiasm bristling up at the slightest sign of opposition. "Who's family ought it to be?"

Mrs. Von Blumer smiled.

"Of course, dear," she said, "that's all right. But I want this dinner party to be a complete success, and I think we ought to make as many people happy as possible, don't you?"

"Why, certainly."

"I see," continued Mrs. Von Blumer, "that you haven't mentioned my side, but I really think my Aunt Delia ought to come. She's a good old soul, and—"

Her husband regarded her with a slight attitude of nervousness. His roseate picture of Christmas had not taken in this possibility. He had forgotten the other end. But the justice of the matter appealed to him, and he responded with some alacrity, "Why, certainly, I suppose she ought to come."

"Then," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "there's Cousin Josephine. She's—"

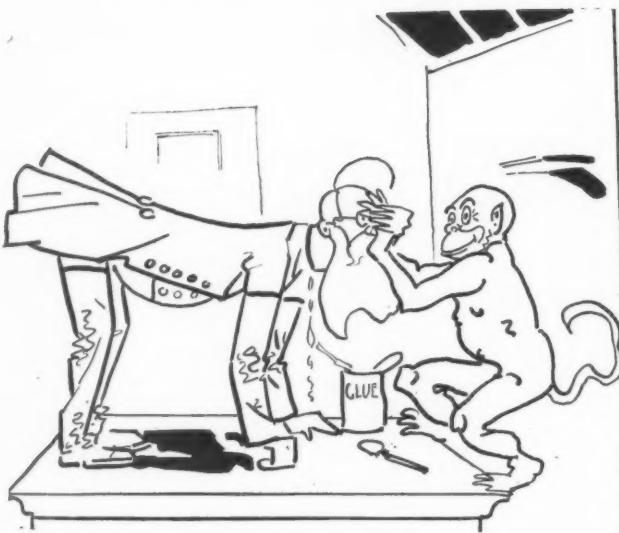
"I know what she is," replied Von Blumer. "Her tongue is as long as a yardstick. Put her down, but separate us at the table."

"Then," said Mrs. Von Blumer, half abstractedly, "there's Cousin Sam, who lives in Utica, and Aunt Harriet and Uncle Henry and the two other maiden aunts who called at your office, and Cousin once-removed Julia who gave us the family Bible, and Uncle Jake on mother's side and the children, and—"

The light of a fine cunning spread over Von Blumer's determined face.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "I see what your little game is. You propose to have all your relatives too. But, Madam, rather than have that happen, I'll call the whole thing off, and, by Jove, I won't give you the satisfaction of having any Christmas dinner at all!" *Tom Masson.*

## • LIFE •

**The Golden Days of Yore.**

SOURBY was aging; his digestion was growing uncertain; but his sporting blood was still warm. He had eaten a lobster and it lay heavy on him; and as he sat before his expiring fire, sleepy and out of sorts, he growled:

"Christmas is getting to be an expensive bumble. It has lost its savor, and is now merely a season of polite blackmail by friends and relations; one might as well be sandbagged on the avenue as looted in his home. Why can't we get back to the merry old days of long ago, the sturdy days of our fathers, when Christmas was a joyous, simple festival of merry-making and brotherly feeling; when gentlemen were gentlemen, and only gentlewomen were ladies; and joust and feast made life one long sweet song? This is a beastly century and season."

Sourby had hardly finished his cynical speech when he was whisked up through the roof, rushed through the air, and dropped down, shivering, into a frosty, snowy street of straggling houses. As he stood there shaking, too dazed to think, he saw coming towards him a tall man in the garb of the middle seventeenth century, carrying a long pike in one hand, a lantern in the other. The stranger was an unpleasant looking person, and he glared malevolently at Sourby, and asked harshly:

"Whence come you at this hour? It is now two hours past sundown."

"Where am I?" gasped Sourby.

"Half a league from the godly town of Boston in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Thou art a stranger, hence suspicious; in strange and motley garb, hence a vagabond." Then in a semi-soliloquy he muttered:

"Perchance a foreign conspirator; an Amalekite, a son of

Belial." Then aloud: "Thou must come with me to a justice of the King's peace."

"Oh, I'll go with you, fast enough, my picturesque friend. What might be on to-night, Old Sport? a bal masque, a Boston tea party, or what? Get me a rig, and I will be your chaperon, fair youth."

"A scoffer! a malignant!" hissed the stranger fiercely. "Know you not, thou scurvy varlet, that I am a constable and peace officer in this Colony?"

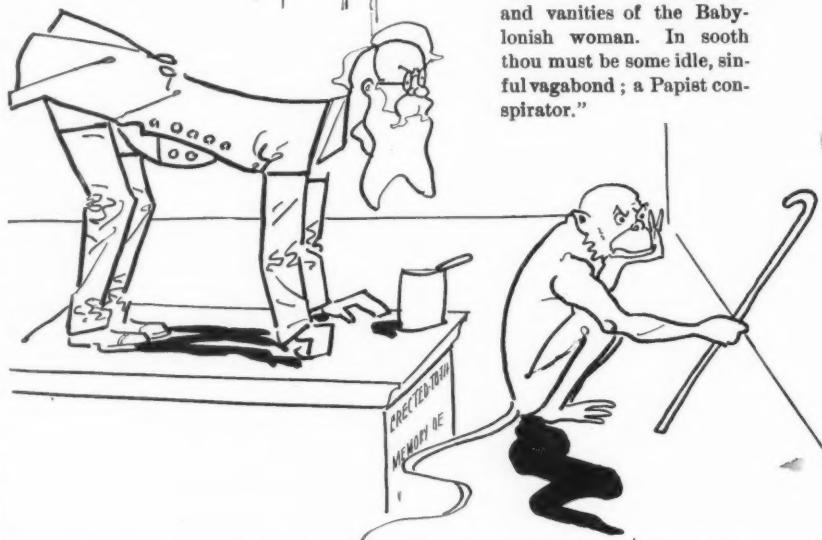
"Great Scott!" muttered Sourby. "Is this a jag, or a plain case of wheels? Colony! It must be the lobster and cocktails. Say, old chap, what year do you think you're in, anyway?"

"The year of grace 1668," answered the man sternly.

"And this is Christmas, 1668, is it?" said Sourby slowly. "This chap's clock is slow, or I must be pretty well ahead of the times."

"Christmas!" the stranger shouted. "Ho! ho! Of a surety a French malignant, a Jesuit. Know ye not that the ancient superstition called Christmas is forbidden in this Colony? Ye who follow such heathenism are roundly scourged here and their ears nailed to posts. Verily are we

done with the idle pomps and vanities of the Babylonish woman. In sooth thou must be some idle, sinful vagabond; a Papist conspirator."



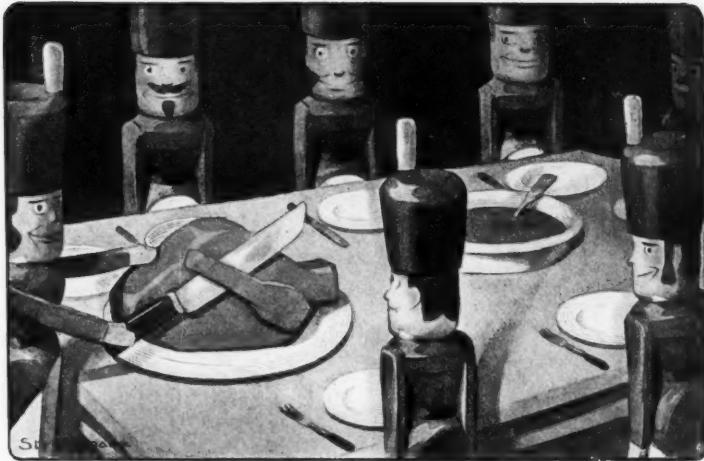
"I'm all of that, I guess," assented Sourby, "if this be 1668. You say solemnly, you mad wag, that this is the merry old year of 1668, and that Christmas is a crime. You say you have no holly and ivy, no roast boar's head, no wassail bowl, no yule log, no carols, no gleemen, no giddy time in the baronial hall. Do you mean it?"

"Peace, scoffer," groaned the Puritan cop. "Have done with such sinful folly. The saints have none such vanities. The day thou callest Christmas has been purged from the calendar of the godly, and has become a time of fasting, prayer, and lamentation for evil. We fear the day of wrath, and here be no wassails, jousts, or painted Jezebels to sing unrighteous songs; neither dancing, nor fiddling, nor the ways of Satan. Thou art even a son of Belial, and must with me to the bridewell."

Sourby stepped back and said dejectedly: "Wouldn't this jar a man? 1668 and no Christmas, and the good old days only a gloomy fake. I would I were back again in the wretched nineteenth century, if only for the bliss of slaying a poet, the ecstasy of murdering the driveling idiot who writes a romantic colonial novel. This is tough. Lead on, my beauteous saint. Proceed, Barebones. Take me away! Nail up my ears! Do any old thing you wish. If ever I get back to a place of contemporaneous human interest I'll burn my pedigree and deny my ancestors. A right, merry, joyous gang this 1668 crowd is. Now, my jocund Puritan Father, bring on your bridewell!"

When Sourby looked up, the stranger, the street and the seventeenth century had all vanished, and he was feeling a bump on his head and staring into the ashes of a dead fire. As he rose, cold and stiff, he muttered: "Blast a lobster, anyhow. Good old times, eh! Grand old days of royster and wassail! Rats! New York, A.D. 1900, is good enough for G. W. Sourby, and Christmas is the real thing, even if it breaks the firm. I'll paralyze those kids of Mary's to-morrow, if I never do it again. 1668? Well, I guess not."

*Joseph Smith.*



"MAJOR, CUT ME OFF A DRUMSTICK, PLEASE!"

"A DRUMSTICK! THIS IS A TURKEY I'M CARVING; NOT A BRASS-BAND!"

**H**OW much does it really cost to get up one of these two-dollar Christmas dinners we read about in the cook books?"

"Oh, about five dollars."

#### The Way of the World.

**SOREHEAD:** Here is another rich man who has fallen heir to a fortune. It is always those that have that get.

**BIGHEAD:** And that's right, for it is always those that have that need more.

#### At Christmas Time.

**T**HE same old trees, the same old toys,  
The same amount of Christmas noise;  
While poor folk spend their hard-earned  
cash  
For candy, nuts and other trash!"

Hush, cynic, hush! For Christmas joys  
Each year there are new girls and boys;  
So, for the sake of children's mirth,  
Let Santa Claus now rule the earth!  
*Nellie Frances Milburn.*

#### Easily Pleased.

**S**TREPHON: What shall I give you  
as a Christmas token, dearest  
Sacharissa?

**S**ACHARISSA: Oh, anything, dear  
Strephon—any little trifle; that is, anything which costs so much that no other girl in our set can have one like it.

#### Its Status as a State.

**B**LUFF: But it is only one of the minor Western States.

**G**UFF: It's nothing of the kind. No State can be called minor that has half a dozen millionaires with homes on Fifth Avenue who are trying to buck their way into New York society.

**The Cynic's Carol.**

**T**RADITION calls for snow; no snow to-day;  
Only the old abuses in the old, old way:  
Mendicants cry, Give! and debtors, Wait! and  
credit, Pay!

Because it's Xmas!

Some one brings tokening plush and celluloid,  
Of use or beauty, sentiment or soul, devoid,  
With fond but fatuous hope I shall be overjoyed,  
Because it's Xmas!

A dame whose whim is to propitiate  
Sends me a china rooster filled with chocolate,  
Nougat, or some confection I abominate,  
Because it's Xmas!

Upon her haughty lackey I bestow  
My benediction plus a crisping bill or so . . .  
*Noblesse oblige*, though he's the richer far, I know! . . .  
Because it's Xmas!

Obstreperous offspring of my kin and kith  
Prate, overconfident, of a gift-bringing myth,  
And hang appealing rows of stockings up forthwith,  
Because it's Xmas!

And trusting bird and beast must learn the fraud  
That tends them to betray for festal greed or gaud . . .  
As if in sacrificial blood were holy laud! . . .  
Because it's Xmas!

The bells ring out their annual madd'ning chime,  
The same old bells, the same old out-of-tune-and-time!

And then my editor demands a maudlin rhyme,  
Because it's Xmas!

*Marguerite Merington.*

**A Christmas Hint.**

**O**F bits of ribbon, silk and gauze,  
Sweet Phyllis fashioned hosen  
For hanging on the Christmas tree,  
To hold the gifts she'd chosen.  
And I? I helped and watched, meanwhile,  
The long and taper fingers—  
Ah, how each touch of those fair hands!  
Within my memory lingers!

I might forever thus have sat  
In silent adoration;  
But Phyllis has a great dislike  
For such a situation.  
So, with an air most commonplace  
Designed to check my pleasure,  
She said, "There, all are done save yours;  
Now, pray, what shall it measure?"  
"How should I know?" I, wondering, asked.  
"Why, thus; the measure of it  
Should faintly hint to good Saint Nick  
The gift that you most covet."  
I looked sweet Phyllis in the eyes;  
I said, "If this be true, dear,  
Make me the stocking for my gift  
About as big as—you, dear."

*Truman Roberts Andrews.*



"NOW, WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEARIE? DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE?"  
"THERE ISN'T ANY STOCKING ON IT."



A CHRISTMAS DAY TOAST IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

•LIFE

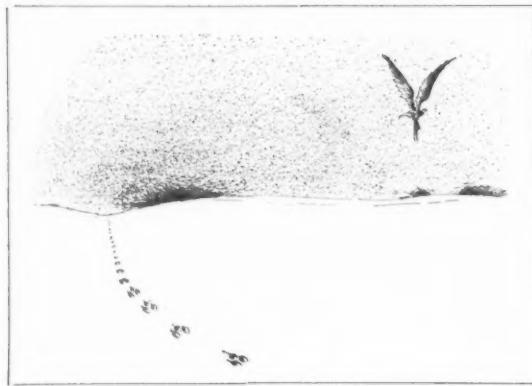
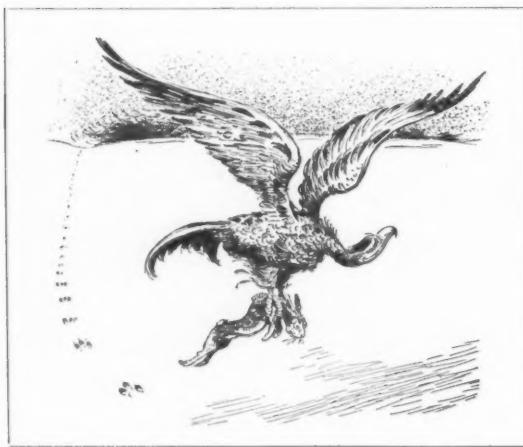


LIFE •



AND THEY BEGAN SAYING GOOD-BYE IN AUGUST.

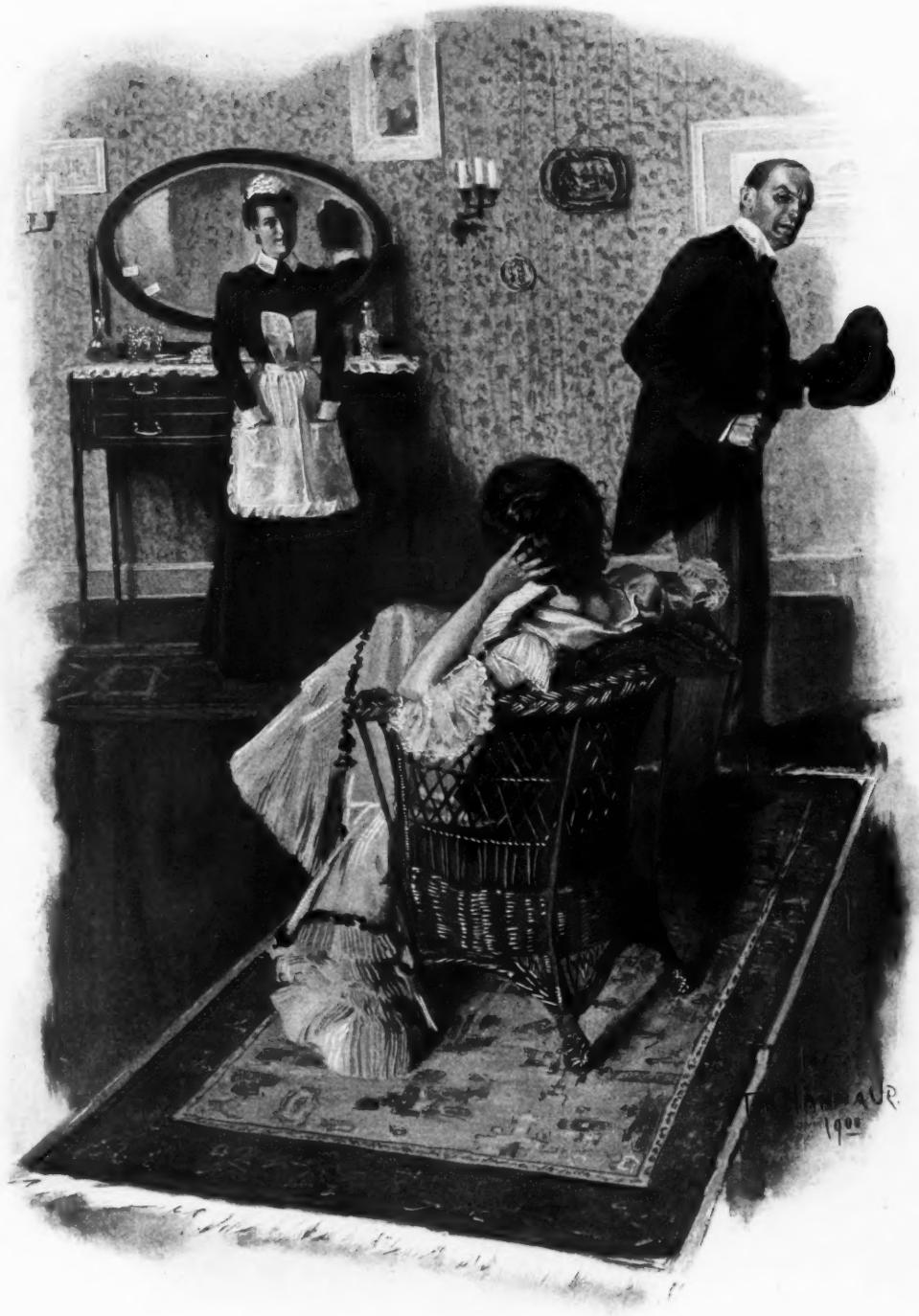
A MYSTIFIED HUNTER.



**Christmas and Hard Knocks.**

**I**F Christmas is to spread by dint of hard knocks we may consider that its diffusion has been considerably promoted this year. The British, the Germans and the Russians are all great Christmas-keepers; the Americans, in spite of doubtful beginnings in New England, have come to a satisfactory state of enthusiasm over it, and all these nations have exerted themselves during the last twelve-month to substitute their notions of how things should be done for contrary notions somewhat obstinately held by sundry other peoples. To be sure, hard knocks and Christmas are not readily associated in the mind, but a good many blessings that have come to earth have come *vi et armis*, by no means showing their soft side at their first appearance. However we may question the righteousness of what is proposed, we like to believe, so far as we may, in the righteousness of what is accomplished. We would like, as we look abroad in the earth and consider what has been going on there, to be able to say as to the general direction and import of things done





A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.

"I CAN PUT UP WITH IT NO LONGER, MADAM; I LEAVE THE HOUSE FOREVER; YOU WILL NOT SEE ME AGAIN UNTIL THE LAST DAY."  
"AND LET IT BE WELL ALONG IN THE AFTERNOON, DEAR."



"CONFFOUND IT! I HAVEN'T SEEN A RABBIT TO-DAY."

and doing, It is well! There are the Philippines and the Transvaal and China. In all of them this year the times have been uncommonly lively, and in two of them at least the righteousness of what has been accomplished has been earnestly disputed. If we are to say It is well! and have our verdict respected, we shall have to use our best judgment in choosing our point of view.

\* \* \*

**V**E Americans can afford to confess that, so far, our efforts to promote good will and brotherliness among the Filipinos have not been flattered by much success. We have killed a lot of Filipinos, and a good many of us have died in the process of doing it, and most of the surviving Filipinos seem to dislike us and ours with a disregard that is very fervent. That doesn't seem much like carrying Christmas into the Orient. The more hopeful side is that we are looking at a work which is still very far from complete, and which, possibly, has not extended far enough yet to take the conclusive turn for the better which its defenders hope lies ahead. The dispositions of most of us towards the Filipinos are sincerely benevolent. Urgent and instant reproof from our mentors at home has not availed to restrain us all from disclosing the misgivings which our course has stirred, from time to time, in our own breasts. If we have done wrong we have been mighty squeamish about it, and though squeamishness about ill-doing isn't quite the same thing as righteousness, it is certainly a sign of a tender conscience and, so far, is a hopeful symptom. We can't say as yet that it is well in the Philippines, but we can say that, in spite of all appearances, the intentions of most of us there are not despotic but brotherly, and that though, so far, we have

not been able to do ourselves justice, time may yet vindicate our dispositions and put our conduct in a better light.

\* \* \*

**T**HE South African episode of our British brethren comes nearer to being a finished job, but is not on that account easier to deal with in a Christmas discourse. There may or may not have been Christmas trees in Boer homes last year, but certainly this year there will be few. Little love was lost, maybe, between Dutch and English in South Africa a year ago, but there is less now. The best we can say is that the blight of one Christmas may be the precursor of others that are happier, and that where sharp correction is needed, it is better that it should come than that civilization should grow distorted for lack of it. Very likely the Boers needed discipline. Presumably the British did also. Both have got it. Both surely have suffered enough to expiate all their misdeeds which are capable of expiatory settlement. If pain brings forth good fruit, and often it does, there is a great crop of dear-bought benefits due in Boer-land, and Britain too, and we wait with expectant interest to see it harvested.

\* \* \*

**T**Hese many years Christendom has urged upon our remote neighbors, the Chinese, that it was expedient for them to include Christmas in their list of annual festivals and to put it ahead of all the others, as we do. They have been, on the whole, very tolerant of our arguments on the subject. Indeed, we have insisted that they should be tolerant, and whenever they have shown signs of resenting the urgency with which our beliefs have been pressed upon them, we have had ministers, consuls, soldiers and ships to sustain our views and our citizens who promote the spread of them, and even to protect from their own authorities the native Chinese who adopted them. Moreover, our brethren in Europe have gone so far as to proclaim rather openly that folks in Asia who were not keepers of Christmas were backnumbers and too much behind the times to be competent to manage their own affairs. So the expediency of taking charge of the Chinese and their country has been very openly discussed and considered. The work seems in some particulars to have been overdone, for, partly on account of the fervor with which it has been prosecuted, a strong revulsion of feeling against all Christmas-keeping people has arisen in China, with results that have caused Christendom the greatest concern and that have included many fatalities, a vast deal of distress, and the occupation of Pekin by foreign troops. This situation, like the others we have considered, has perplexed conscientious observers not a little. We do not doubt that our brethren in China would be better off if they could be induced to accept and assimilate our Christmas and all the ideas and aspirations that belong to it. Nor do we doubt that we do right in offering it to them, but it is debated whether we have not backed our solicitations with too much of constraint and whether our solicitude to do good unto others is not marred by our eagerness to find for ourselves an ample profit in the transaction. Reviewing all these doings in the other half of the earth, various are the reflections to which we turn for comfort. After all, we say, there are stronger forces in the universe than man's will. Destiny will have her last word. Laggards cannot hope not to be run over. The fittest, whether we will or



"I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHAT TO GIVE MY HUSBAND CHRISTMAS."  
"WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM MONEY AND LET HIM SELECT HIS PRESENT?"  
"I CAN'T AFFORD THAT."

## • LIFE •

not, must not only survive but surpass and, if necessary, overwhelm. The man with ten talents and the energy to use them is bound to acquire the unused talent of the one-talent man. It is written that he shall, and no amount of moralizing can change it. Christianity and civilization are bound to go hand in hand. Whatever in these days promotes one, promotes the other, too. The trader is sure to follow the missionary, and the warship to follow the trader, and where traders and missionaries dwell together no country could protect one of them and not the other. So we speak in self-exculpation, and speaking, hope we say the thing that is true.

been punishment, failure a mercy. Strong nations have often succeeded where they might better have failed. Sometimes they have recovered from their success; sometimes it has ruined them. But nothing as yet has ruined humanity. Humanity, by hook or crook, has always got on, and so for two thousand years has Christianity. If we have done wrong in the Philippines, without doubt we shall pay dear for it; if Great Britain has done wrong in the Transvaal, the fruits of her victory will be bitter; if Christendom has been unduly selfish in China, there will be due penalties and pains in consequence. But humanity will get along, whatever happens,



WHO'LL GET THE CHRISTMAS DINNER?

**I**NDIVIDUAL Christians exist who do credit to their professions and illustrate their calling by the graces of their walk, but the Christian nations are very imperfectly Christianized. Their consecration is so incomplete and their righteousness so intermittent that one can only do justice to their pretensions by comparing them with the nations that are not Christian, and even then they do not always shine. We might as well be patient with them and wait to see how they work out, and it will help us in doing that if we get out convenient tomes of history and learn how nations have comported themselves in times past, and what befell. As a rule, they have stumbled forwards, as individuals do, by making mistakes and paying for them. Where the cause has been bad, success has always

and Christianity and Christmas-keeping will continue not only to spread in the earth, but to be better understood and more successfully and consistently practiced. Let us not worry to excess over the Christmas-keeping nations for fear they should bring discredit on Christmas and the religion that it stands for. If Christianity conflicts with those laws of the universe which regulate the upward progress of mankind, it will give way. If, rightly understood, it is the expression of those laws, it will last, and no mistakes of men or misdeeds of governments will upset it. It was never promised that the millennium would come softly. There is no rubber on its chariot wheels. It comes bumping along over the rough road of human progress — not fast, not easily; but it comes.

E. S. Martin.

LIFE.

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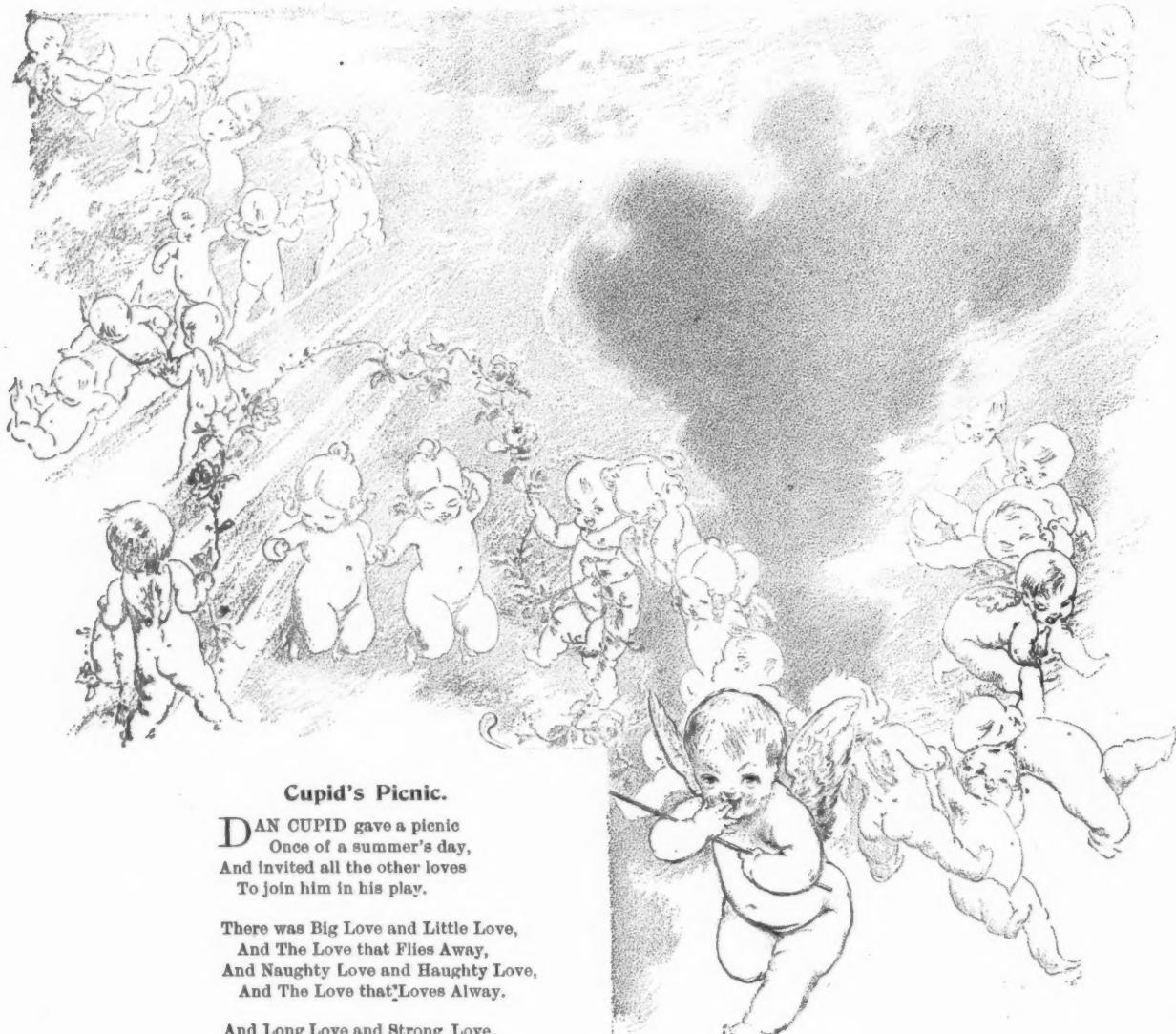
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#### Cupid's Picnic.

DAN CUPID gave a picnic  
Once of a summer's day,  
And invited all the other loves  
To join him in his play.

There was Big Love and Little Love,  
And The Love that Flies Away,  
And Naughty Love and Haughty Love,  
And The Love that Loves Alway.

And Long Love and Strong Love,  
And Love for the Happy Hour,  
And Love that Loves for Love Alone,  
And Love with the Visage Sour.

Yet the picnic proved a failure,  
For the best loves stayed away—  
The Constant Love and The Tender Love,  
And The Love that Ne'er says Nay.

*James S. Metcalfe.*



•LIFE•



ESTABLISHED 1823.

**WILSON**  
**Whiskey.**

THAT'S ALL!

## • LIFE •



THE NATIONS ALL DREW NEAR, AT THE CLOSE OF THE XIX CENTURY,



AND MADE GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE COMING YEAR.



BUT THE OPENING OF THE XX CENTURY IS LADEN WITH DISAPPOINTMENT.

**A Romance.**

**A** LITTLE sprig of mistletoe  
One Christmas eve was fated  
To reunite a man and maid  
Who had been separated.

'Twas not a feat so difficult  
As to inspire with wonder,  
Because, you see, the man and maid  
Were but a foot asunder.

*James Barrett Kirk.*

**On the Making of Gifts.**

**C**HISTMAS is one of those inevitable institutions, which, together with its weight of blessings, carries with it also a sense of duty and a feeling of guilt in not doing unto others what we should rather not have them do to us.

When we think of all the things we get for Christmas that we would rather not have, and realize how painstaking our dearest friends have been to supply them to us, we may well consider with some despair the gifts we have given which we

know too late have not been as inappropriate and useless as they might have been had more forethought been expended.

The world moves so swiftly in these days, and Christmas comes on apace with such rapidity, that we do not give the subject that orderly consideration which it merits; and at the last moment we select haphazard a lot of things that we cannot afford, and many of which, in the confusion, may be just what the recipients have wanted.

When I give my friend something that he may want, I am really violating the joyous Yuletide tradition. I am assuming that he cares more for the gift than the spirit in which it is given. I am distracting his attention from this spirit to some coarse, material thing, and I am placing him under obligation to me.

The spirit under which the gift is bestowed is everything, and it should be so differentiated, so placed above all other things, that it may be viewed alone, apart, as a thing by itself. The only way to do this, of course, is to have the gift so utterly useless, so foreign to all desire, that this spirit stands out in its true relations, and we realize that only this

LIFE.

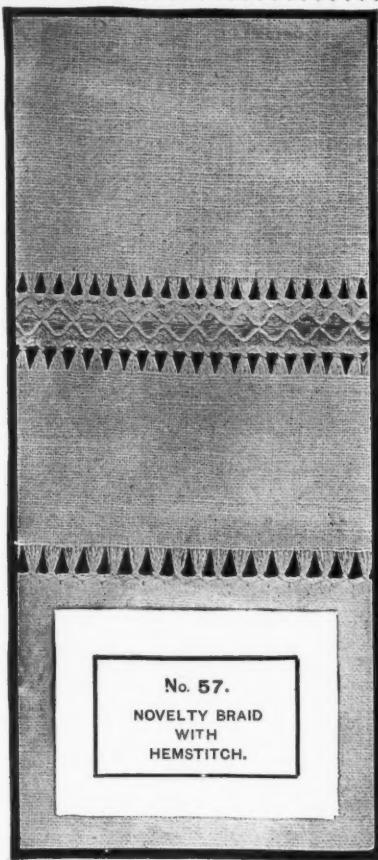
FOUR—OUT OF 50 STYLES—

OF THE

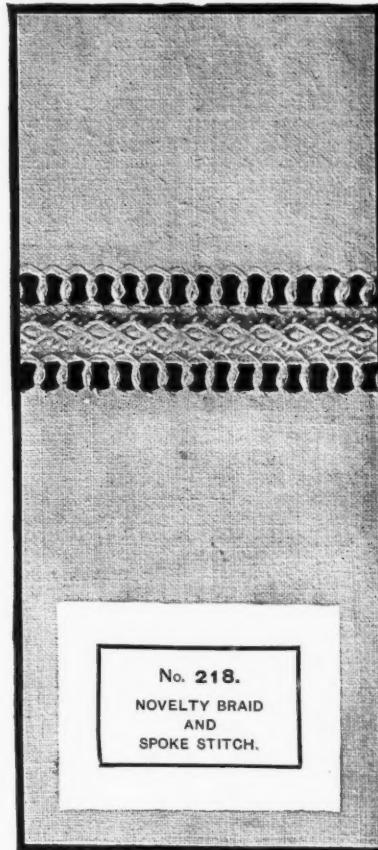
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# LIFE

could have prompted "the giver in his Christmas act. We must see that he was actuated by no material or worldly consideration, and as we put the gift away in some safe place where we may never see it more, our hearts fill with gratitude to think that the good old Christmas traditions are still being preserved.

A great many people—perhaps the majority—have the right idea, and, guided by blind instinct, can usually be relied upon to make Christmas presents that are useless and ambiguous enough for general purposes. But there is always a small but persistent band of misguided folk who persist in using their taste, and who endeavor to find out what the recipient would really like.

It behooves, then, those of us who have been so weak and erring beforehand as to give the things we thought might be wanted, to gird up our loins and achieve by care and diligence that disinterestedness and lack of premeditation which should be the *Ultima Thule* of all Christmas givers. Let us school ourselves in the right direction. For one thing, there is always material enough. Useless gifts for man, woman and child abound. We are apt to strike the right thing even by chance. But we must do better than this. We who have not the natural talent to select the utterly inane and inappropriate gift offhand, must study our friends, that we may be sure to know what they do not want. For it is better, even by premeditation, to avoid giving anything that might be useful, rather than, even by accident, to violate the glad spirit of Christmas.

## A Large Stock.

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## The Way It Goes.

"I T'S kinder funny, when you come to think about it," musingly said the Old Codger of Kohack, in one of his ruminative moods. "that when a man has got as far along on the journey of life as his fifties or sixties and polished baldness and red-nosedness and double-chinny and rheumaticability and chronic kickity and constitutional crabbedness, and so on and so forth, he begins by degrees to discover that the girls of the present day ain't half as pretty and gentle and sweet as they were when he was a bashful, red-necked young buck with big feet and superfluous hands on him; the boys don't have a decent fraction of the good, common horse-sense and able-bodied git-up-and-git concealed about their persons that they had then; the songs of to day ain't got none of the pure, genuine, pulse-stirrin' melody in 'em that they had when he was young and half-baked and thought he could sing some; the orators nowadays wouldn't know what real, downright eloquence was if they should happen to meet it in the middle of the highway at noonday with its visitin' card outstretched in its hand; the preachers of the present give us weak and worthless imitations instead of good, honest hellfire; the fashions of to-day are ridiculous when compared with those of the long ago, the statesmen are all dead and buried, politics have gone to the devil on greased skids, the hills 'pear to be smaller and the streams shallower and narrower than they once were, and that he ate up all the good things thirty or forty years ago.

"Funny, ain't it, or, wouldn't it be, if it wasn't sort of pathetic, some way, if you happen to look at it just right?"

Tom P. Morgan.

JACKSON: I think Roosevelt will make a good Vice-President.

CURRIE: I didn't know there was a possibility of anybody being a bad one.

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# LIFE.



## FOR DIVERS REASONS.

I sailed from England this summer on the Mid-Ocean Line. I shall call the steamer the Bathtubbe. The fare to New York was sixty dollars for an inside berth in an inside room and that was the kind of room that I selected.

The passengers were sociable, amiable and interesting, and I formed many agreeable "ocean friendships." But all seemed lacking in one quality.

For instance, I approached a sporty-looking man with a red necktie and a diamond in his shirt-bosom. He was leaning over the rail, gazing at the last bit of green that we should see for eleven days.

I began a conversation with that confidence that he would reply "pleasantly which strangers on a steamer always have—nor is that confidence ever abused."

"Easy motion, isn't it? You come over on this line?"

"No. I came over on the Fürst Bismarck, but I had a touch of the gout in Paris and the doctor recommended a slow ocean voyage, and so I chose this line. It's the slowest ever."

I was too polite to wink at him and he immediately turned the conversation into other channels.

Later in the day I met a lady from Boston. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that I was introduced to this lady; also to every Bostonian on board.

"Easy motion, isn't it?" said I as I drew my chair into the shadow of one of the boats.

"Yes," said the Boston lady; "the motion is easy, as you say, but I prefer a faster boat myself. We were coming home on the St. Louis, but Mr. Adams was cabled to come home at once and this was the only line that we could secure passage on at such short notice."

"You were very lucky," said I, mentally figuring that if they had taken the St. Louis they would have reached home two days sooner than the Bathtubbe would dock it.

"Well, I don't know as we can call it lucky; the table is so inferior—at least to Back Bay cooking."

I think it was on the same day that I fell into conversation with a well-pull-up young man of New York. I fell into it in my usual way by saying:

"Nice easy motion, isn't it?" We were standing in the bow watching a school of porpoises out for their noon recess.

"You may call it easy but I call it blamed hard. Ten days more of it. I don't see why I was foolish enough to give up my passage on the Oceanic, but a chap in London told me that if I wanted an absolutely novel experience I'd better take one of these tubs."

"Yes," said I, "and they have the advantage of being cheap. Table not so bad, either."

"Well, the cheapness didn't appeal to me. In fact, I tried to get a whole stateroom for two hundred and forty dollars so that I'd have plenty of room to myself, don't you know, but the confounded boat was so crowded that I could only get an inside berth, lower one at that. If I hadn't foolishly cabled my return home to the governor I'd have waited and taken a Cunarder."

I met a Southern woman that same day in the ladies' saloon. We were both writing letters and neither one of us could think of a thing to say, so I looked up and smiled and uttered my formula:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; I wish it would roll a little. It is so monotonous. They say the sister steamer, the Washitubbe, is much more of a roller."

"Fine line, though, isn't it?"

"Do you think so? I've always been accustomed to take the White Star Line, but my husband's brother's cousin, whom we met at Bingon, told us if we wanted to be perfectly comfortable we'd better take a Mid-Ocean Liner."

"Cheaper, too," said I, wickedly.

She colored and went on: "I really don't know about that part of it. My husband always attends to the buying of tickets."

I had heard that there was a stowaway, who had been discovered the third day out. I went to him. He was peeling potatoes in a dismal room off the kitchen.

"Hello, my boy," said I; "that's right. I see you're helpful. I used to do that for my mother when I was a boy. Easy motion, isn't it? Did you expect to come by this line?"

He was flattered at not being taken for one of the crew.

"No, I wanted to take the Bremen, but she was burned at Hoboken, so I came on this. It's kinder fun to peel potatoes. The skins slip off so easy."

With a sad heart I left this insincere young man peeling potatoes and went up on the upper deck. There I saw a dignified and a handsome old gentleman, the best dressed man on board, reading Aristophanes in the original. He had spoken to no one and people thought him offish. I wondered what tale he would give me, and I stopped alongside of him, and when he looked up I said:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Yes, luckily for me it is. I'm a poor sailor. But easy or not easy I had to come by this line, as I practically went broke in London, and just had enough to buy a passage by this cheap line. I'll have to touch the friends who come to meet me for the money to tip the stewards. I don't rave over the table, and I know lots of ways in which the service could be improved, but I'm practically broke and that's why I'm here, so I don't complain." Here he cast a comprehensive glance at such of the passengers as were in sight. "Yes, I'm broke, and I fancy we're all in the same boat."

"Shake," said I.

—Charles Battell Loomis in Saturday Evening Post.

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*A dentist writes voluntarily:*  
"As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use."

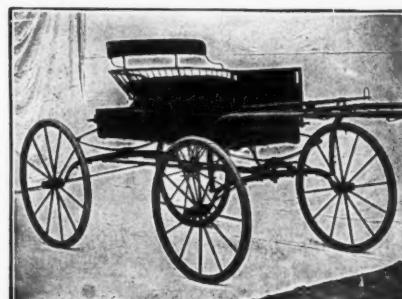
25c. Are your teeth all right? Is your dentifrice pure? Or are you ignorantly soliciting the sorrows of that "dreaded of all diseases," toothache, by the use of some acid or gritty preparation? . . .

**SOZODONT** is absolutely pure—no acids, grit or other impurities. For proof there is no trace of acid, we invite a test with *litmus paper* at your dentist's office; or send 4c. for sample of SOZODONT and litmus paper. . . .

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# LIFE

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR.

"Do you see that man with the dark moustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl, and he is left-handed."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell all that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is badly skinned. Also there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now, let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man pokes up the furnace fire how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife were not afraid of the hired girl they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore he ought to live in a flat."

"But, hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over thirty at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother he would permit her to tend the furnace herself." — *Chicago Times-Herald*.

"REALLY, your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "have enabled me to become your next door neighbor."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"HERE'S another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him," said the young woman who was reading the paper.

"How much?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"It doesn't state."

"That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain thief, a misguided embezzler, or a bold financier." — *Washington Star*.

"One of the wonders of America."

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IN A DIFFERENT WAY.

"MY BOY, TO SEE YOU SMOKING MAKES ME FEEL VERY, VERY SICK AT HEART."  
"IT SEEMS TO CATCH ME MORE IN THE PIT OF ME STUMMICK, MUM."

— *Mooneshine*.

## Christmas Cheer

Under the Holly and Cedar of Christmas the Punch Bowl will overflow. Time honors this custom.

Whether it holds Apple Jack, Eggnog or Punch

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## Hunter Baltimore Rye

Because of its mellow age and Purity, above all other whiskies, will give the Richest Flavor.



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**BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY**  
New York, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Chicago

# LIFE.

I DARE say that there isn't a woman on earth who hasn't a theory on the subject of how to manage a husband, and I have never yet come across a man who was any worse for a little scientific handling now and then. If I were in the florist business I'd send a palm to a certain Senator's daughter, who has set an example managing wives might follow with profit. She has a husband, this Senator's daughter, who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after testing an entree his wife had racked her brain to think up.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on. "Is this supposed to be a salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. His wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown, and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big, round hand:

"This is soup."

*"When you do drink, drink Trimble"*

*"When Time who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew."*

—Thomas Moore.

A pure rye.  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.  
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

Sole Proprietors,  
**WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,**  
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ESTABLISHED 1793.

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labelled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice cream came in a card announcing "This is ice cream" came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labelled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did he say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire what anything set before him is.

—Washington Post.

A MOTHER was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

"Ma," he said, suddenly, "oh, ma, just look at that little lion right behind there; he won't get any."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MIKE (opening his pay envelope): Faith, that's the stingiest man I ever worked for.

PAT: Phwat's the matter wid ye? Didn't ye git as much as ye xplicated?

"Yis; but I was countin' on gittin' more than I xplicated."

—Philadelphia Press.

By Royal Warrant to H. M.  
Queen Victoria



The delightful flavour and delicate aroma of

**"Canadian Club"**

are peculiar to it and cannot be mistaken. Used in highballs, cocktails or in any mixed drink where whisky is used it retains the fragrant and delicious qualities which have made it so famous the world over ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫

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ALWAYS EASY

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CUSHION  
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Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,  
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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

LIFE



THANKS, AWFULLY!

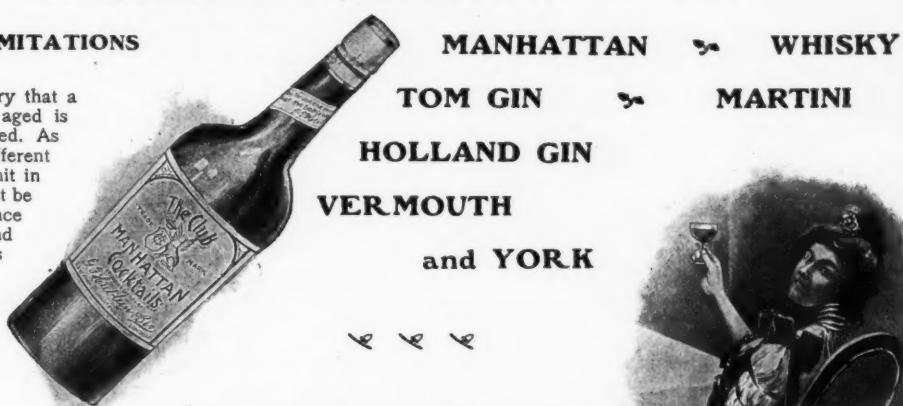
# The CLUB COCKTAILS

## A Delightful Christmas Gift

THE RIGHT SORT OF THING TO COMMENCE CHRISTMAS. ALL READY FOR YOU TO SERVE. YOU WILL ADD A POINT TO YOUR POPULARITY AS AN UP-TO-DATE WIFE. SIMPLY POUR OVER CRACKED ICE. YOU CAN GET THEM AT ALL GOOD DEALERS IN ALL VARIETIES. :::::::::::::::

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YEARS of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial. ::::::::::::::



G. F. Heublein &  
Brother...

HARTFORD  
NEW YORK  
LONDON



HERE'S TO A GOOD DINNER!



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# FORE!

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

# LIFE

AMONG the stories told by the eloquent and entertaining Colonel "Pat" Dyer on his Republican campaigning tour throughout Missouri is the following, the point of which is obvious. Down in Boone County, Mo., several years ago there lived a noted character by the name of Van Bibber. He had some very strange theories, and one of them was that every thousand years history repeated itself, and that the things that happened one day in a thousand years from that day would happen again. He preached this doctrine in season and out of season, but he could never make many converts in his neighborhood. One evening about dusk three travelers on horseback drew rein in front of his house and asked for accommodations for the night, which were readily granted, Van Bibber being one of the most hospitable of men. After supper Van Bibber commenced to air his favorite theory. He told the men that one thousand years from that day they would again ride up to his humble dwelling and ask for shelter, and that they would be riding the same horses that they now had. He asked his guests what they thought of his doctrine. They informed him that they would have to sleep over it, as it was something entirely new to them. The next morning about the first question Van Bibber asked his guests was what they thought of his thousand year theory. The spokesman of the party said: "We believe you are right, and we have

become converts to your way of thinking."

"I thought you would," replied Van Bibber, rubbing his hands with glee.

"Now," continued the first speaker, "we have come a great distance and we have many long, weary miles to traverse before we reach our destination. To tell you the truth, Mr. Van Bibber, we are short of money, and if it is just the same to you we will pay you for our night's lodging when we return in a thousand years from now."

"Let me see," said Van Bibber, eying the three men very closely; "I believe I recognize you. I think you are the same — rascals that stopped here a thousand years ago and refused to pay. Your credit is bad and I will collect now."

*Kansas City Journal.*

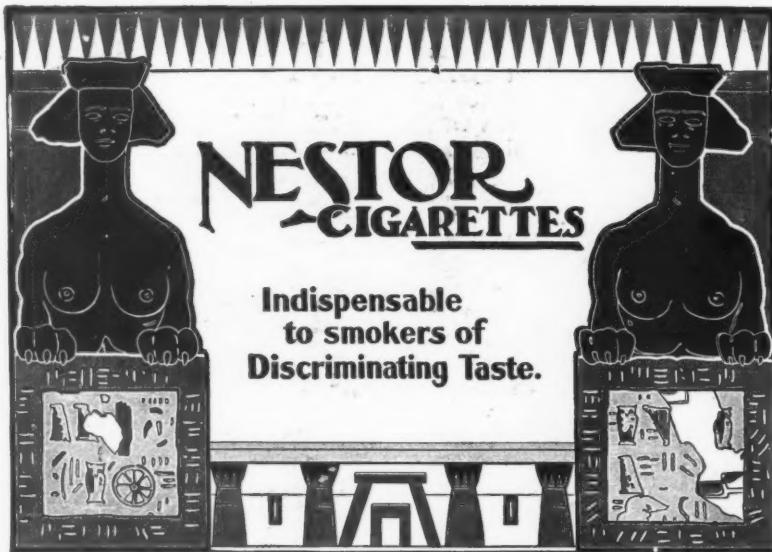
SENATOR DEPEW was rudely interrupted during his efforts to make a speech at Cobleskill early in the week; but one of the retorts to his remarks was clever enough to bear repetition.

"Is there a man in this crowd who knows what 16 to 1 means?" asked the Senator, in an off-course-there-is-not tone.

"Yes," was the prompt reply from an old son of Erin; "it means that you have sixteen dagos to wan Irishman on your big New York Central Railroad."

The Senator gasped at the retort, while the crowd roared.

*Argonaut.*



## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

*The HEALTH of the PRAIRIE  
brought to your door.*

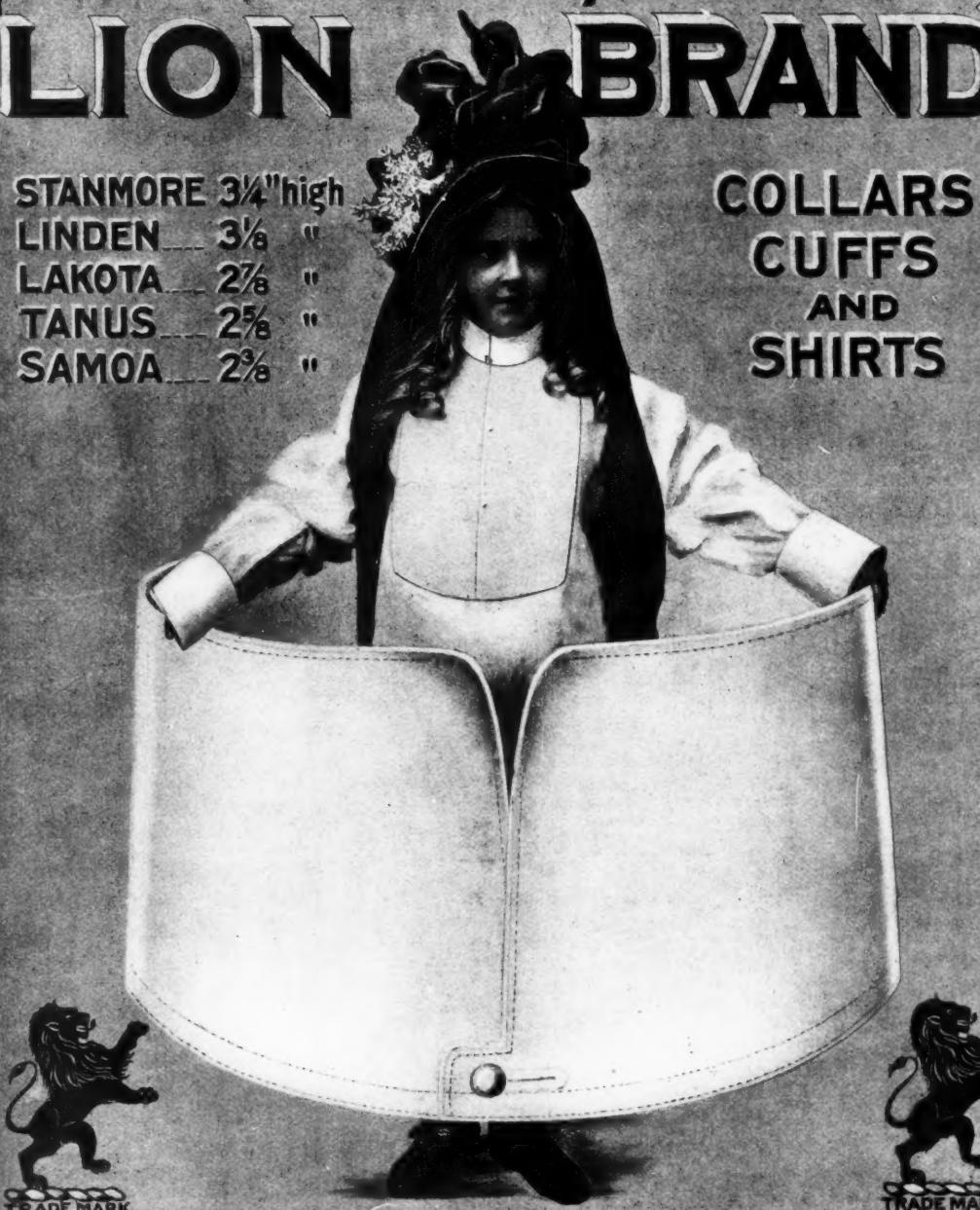


*Papa wears this kind when he's  
all dressed up - for it's*

# "LION BRAND."

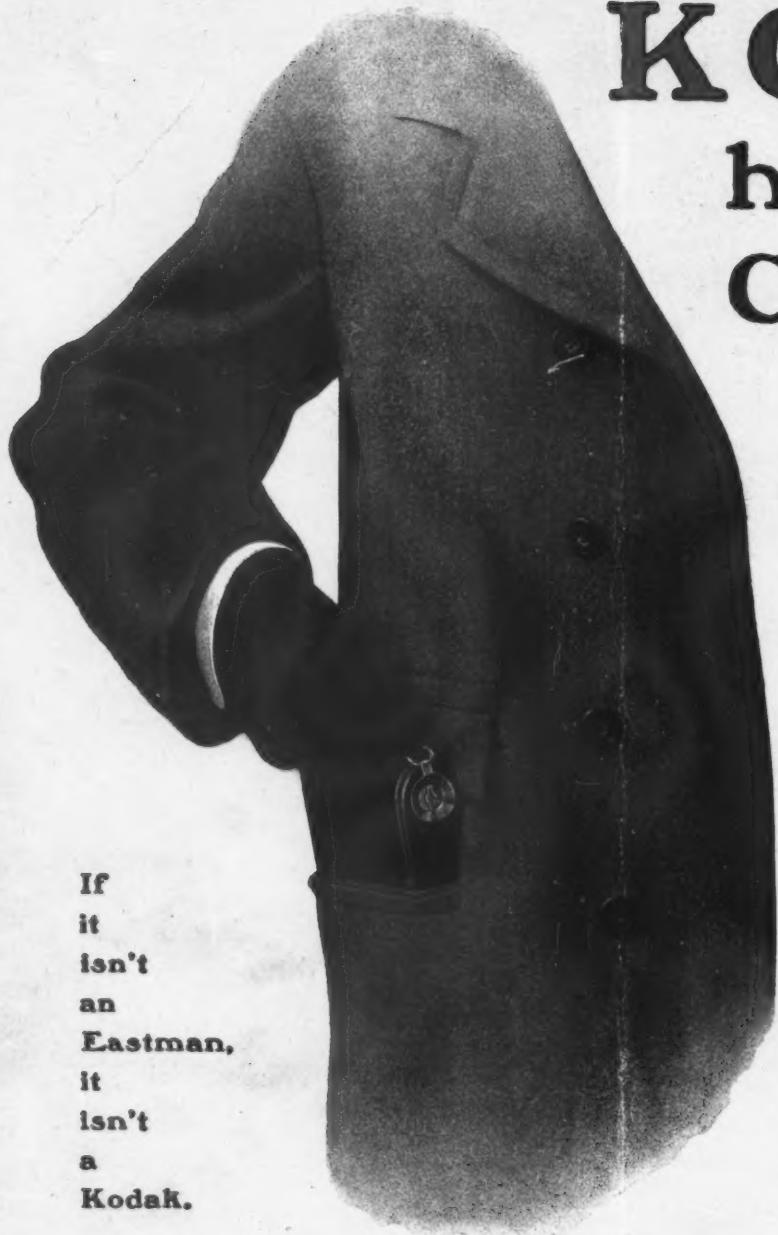
STANMORE	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high
LINDEN	3 $\frac{1}{8}$ "
LAKOTA	2 $\frac{7}{8}$ "
TANUS	2 $\frac{5}{8}$ "
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